

A far away glance

By Isabella Yarborough

A far away glance. No hope left for the rest of us. Because we all have that empty hole, instead of a heart. We all fear the wave of sadness among us and the constant threat of never seeing our family and friends again. Yet we are superficial. We judge. We judge color. We judge looks. We judge the color of your looks.

We pray and hope and plead. Wasting time of our days on screens. It will never change. It will just be “different” than before. No drug, or drink, or person can make us feel. Not a single thing. We fall in love with thoughts. With things. With fiction. But things will never change. I promise you. I will still believe that fairies are real.

There's so much to do. In such little time. Our lives are like flies in the vastness of space. Perhaps even like butterflies. I wish to think like butterflies, it makes it feel less depressing. It feels calm. And in a way, possibly... Beautiful.

I never will be as beautiful as I want to be. Or as smart. Or as kind. Or as loving. I hope that in the end I will accept this. I hope in the end I will at least escape being superficial. Before my inevitable death. Or as I like to say, my good-bye. Or my passing. A final farewell.

Before I come back and breathe the earth's fresh mountainous air, I want to be able to love me. And love you as much as I undoubtedly can. As much as I believe I can and will. For the rest of my life.

A far away glance towards our future.

A future so personal, faraway, relentless, and the possibilities endless.

I want tomorrow to be just the same. Back to normal, like every other day.

The days we took for granted. The days we ignored what was around us, we turned a blind eye. Our world was already on fire.

I wonder what life forms in space think of us. Killing our earth, wishing to have more, be more. To slip into a different skin each different day. To avoid responsibilities and float away. To forget we're humans with needs instead of wants. To only live for things we get instead of what we give.

From a far away glance, they probably won't care.

A Burning Haiku

By Isabella Yarborough

In isolation

World burns and burns

It never stops

Some Diary Entries during Self-isolation

By Isabella Yarborough

Day 14:

During these past weeks of self-isolation, I find myself craving daily exercise more than before this all began. Perhaps my excessive amount of walking and running before and after school had a certain effect on me. Which seems unbelievable considering how many times my mother nagged me to attempt trips to the gym, or job around the apartment complex.

She means well. I know as well as any, that mother's truly seek the best for their children. However they may not express it in the most helpful or understanding ways. To be honest, I believe she forgets how early I wake and late I return. Which equals a hectic schedule and lack of opportunity in achieving activities beyond school and clubs and singing and writing.

As my family goes through this covid-19 pandemic, I find our opinions are similar but constantly differing.

Anyway that's all to account for. Besides the miracle that we have toilet paper.

Day 54: I've started to pick up a few hobbies. I'm alternating some old and badly fitting clothing and crafting some new looks out of my creations. Some odd fitting sweatpants are now improved with a tighter waist to fit me and a shorter less bootleg cut to them. It's quite satisfying to recycle my clothes, especially when online shopping is the only way to buy clothes, however it's unlikely they will actually fit or look like they seem. I have a distinct memory of a past winter holiday of ordering a yellow mustard sweater, a dark green one, and some blue overalls made of a nice soft fabric. When they arrived, I was less enthusiastic. The yellow sweater made me equivalent to a pumpkin, with its cut that caved in at the end, and the very wide neckline that stretched from one shoulder to the other. The green sweater was similar but slightly better, however too long, to the point it almost touched my knees. The overalls were the worst though. It was incredibly baggy, which made it similar to MC hammer pants and the back refused to hug my torso no matter how hard I tried. It was catastrophic.

Well, self isolation has been more durable. However, my family needs to start going light on the toilet paper... I mean we have enough but just in case.

Day 74:

I have been doing so well with this stay-at-home business. However this past week I almost had my breaking point. Discussions about Covid-19 on the news seem to be constant changing opinions. I can not rely correctly on any fact to bring up a misconception. All I truly know is that celebrities truly have been losing their minds, everyone is trying to either make it through without going broke or insane, some are battling problems bigger than most, including my own, and/or experiencing escapism through animal crossing.

I know this may not describe everyone, but it points out the majority at least... I've started to have trouble sleeping. Only acquiring about 3 to maybe 6 hours. Which leaves me in a position of a functional human being. But not healthy functional human beings. Not to mention the amount of headaches and migraines I get have increased. I believe the stress has finally gotten to me.

Until next time. Btw, the toilet paper count is down to 5 rolls.

Day something:

I have lost track of time.
No seriously, it might have been half a century and I am just now questioning. As much as I'm questioning my sanity. I kid, I kid. Isolation is not as bad as it was ... the last time I documented. I can't believe I actually have something to tell my future children and grandchildren. I was starting to wonder if all my stories came from my younger years because the only exciting stuff I've been in while in high school is studying for big exams and events I have to attend. Other than that, it's family time, homework time, and time spent on my phone or writing. Gosh they would think me boring. I feel I've wasted my years as a teen because of how shows describe my generation. It seems ironic how the only time I've technically lived through something is the one where I have to stay home...

Toilet paper count is down to one .

Day-that-doesnt-matter-other-than-the-fact-that-im-out-of-toilet-paper:

In a few days I'm going to be on the road for four hours to stay with my dad. Where my dad is, the town is small, quiet and no one would suspect a pandemic was going on. Austin on the other hand, feels as though there's no one left in the world, while also feeling suffocating at the thought of how many people are at the grocery stores at a time.

I discovered this when on my journey to acquire some most certainly needed TP for the family. I armored up with an N95 mask my mom garnered at work and presented to me. I brought shopping bags and my mother of course, because one needs a right hand woman. We came crashing into the first store we hit like nobody's business. We had very calculated steps, avoiding others(especially those who are ignorant to precautions), and scanned the store for any sign of discarded toilet paper. Alas, the store was lacking in our needs.

So we venture forth onto other territories that happened to have stores. At this point the sun outside was hell-bent on making my life miserable. As it seemed to scrutinize my recent departure from the outside, in exchange for the comfort of the indoors. I felt my forehead and back of my neck begin to sweat. I began to feel discomforted by the humidity. My face was itching and I forced my hand away from scratching. My hair was collecting on my eyes constantly, and my mask made it harder to breathe. My breathing started to be reminiscent of a certain sith Lord in space. In conclusion I was annoyed.

To help, I tried to focus on a song stuck in my head called 'Take me to the world' by the Broadway God, Stephen Sondheim. The lyrics started to feel more personal.

'take me to the world, with crowds...'

'where all around things growing from the ground, where birds that make a sound are birds'

'teach me how to laugh, to feel. Move me to the sun-'
... perhaps not that line in particular.

In the end, my mother and I were victorious in finding the rarity. Although after the search, I found that nature has always been a huge part of me, and one of the greatest parts of my life. But I have been neglecting its beauty, and the harshness that comes with it. Perhaps if I ask some to "take me to the world" I can find it's a place that if we take care of it, we can keep it "Forever. For our own."

Fin

I Wonder About The Moon **By Isabella Yarborough**

I wonder if the moon admires us as we do her,
I feel her stare upon us, how concerned,
I know we're not the neighbor she'd prefer.

In the forever night I can hear the moon purr,
Time and space seem too empty to be observed
In the desolate night where majestic waves occur.

Her loneliness is now understood as the feeling has transfer,
Into the hearts of many who sleep furred,
I know we're not the neighbor she'd prefer.

The presence of the planet is difficult to refer,
As her ability strengthen as the oceans swirl,
In the desolate night where majestic waves occur.

I find myself continue to wonder if she knows what we were,
Greedy people left distraught in the world,
In the desolate night where majestic waves occur,
I know we're not the neighbor she'd prefer.

For a darling

By Isabella Yarborough

I have seen how vibrant colors often decorate our dream,
And how they are ripped away in a single shadow,
Dear darling I will see you there under a sun beam.

When I struggle to escape thoughts of extreme,
I find the hallway in the back of my mind narrow,
And all I seem to achieve to express is a hidden scream.

Time away from you has been a pie without cream,
A new idea sprouting from the edge of my backbone,
Dear darling I will see you there under a sun beam.

I hold up hope only to find an abandon moon beam,
From behind my teeth comes a shattered ringing from the telephone,
All I seem to express is a hidden scream.

I have traveled worlds that seem to gleam,
However, there is much we still can know,
All I seem to express is a hidden scream,
Dear darling I will see you there under a sun beam.

A little house

By Isabella Yarborough

A little house on a hill is surrounded by blue,
Striking to a human eye and for a human ear only silence,
A gentle wind brushes by as I walk towards it, subdue.

I spend most of my days telling my life adieu,
For the simple chance to be in the little house's field of violets,
Until the thought returned, it's memory made do.

I work the days away hoping to get through,
I await my former mentors' guidance,
A gentle wind brushes by as I walk towards it, subdued.

I thought about the house by the sea as if to review,
An unexpected beach and prairie alliance,
Until the thought returned, it's memory made do.

I found myself finding myself having to withdraw,
From the pains of the world into magnificence,
A gentle wind brushes by as I walk towards it, subdued.
Until the thought returned, it's memory made do.

A Missed Chance

By Isabella Yarborough

(What you are about to read has a tone of cringey romantic satire. Was this intentional? Mmmmh. Let's pretend it was. Look, have a laugh, a cry, a cringe, or just maybe do a square dance and pretend you read it by skimming. But if you do read, I hope you enjoy it. If anything it's supposed to be entertaining. But you know many things are meant to be different things than intended. For example this...

You know what? Just "Don't read this". Thanks.)

A Missed Chance

Again. Again I have missed my chance to show one ounce of vulnerability, and per usual, I shied away from it. In the future I will have a million opportunities, but how many will I partake upon? Will there be as many as now or as there were? What could possibly be holding me back after convincing myself to just be in the moment?

It was March 12, the day before everything crafted a layer of confusion and dread. I spent the morning heading to school on the metro on my normal routine listening to my general playlist when Mazzy Star's ' Fade into you' came on. The song led my mind to thoughts of someone who said the song reminded them of me. My cheeks slightly heated, remembering how I blushed,

how I could hardly speak, as my words only fumbled out of my mouth rather than formed. That compliment meant so much to me, especially from them. Another thought drifted into my mind, one challenging and overwhelming. Could this be the day I told them?

For months it seems, I have felt ridiculous as I avoided these thoughts, and could not help but reveal a layer of awkward tension which was clearly shown visible from them as well. I would dodge memories of times together when reading, working, and singing. I would find myself shaking off thoughts of how life could be if we were closer, taking walks in the park, seeing movies, discussing books as we did. But the thoughts would come bleeding through when we were around each other, or hanging out just us two, or I was simply just listening to songs associated with the feelings I was feeling. Perhaps they suggested the song or suggested it to them. In a way music is what connected us in the first place, it makes sense that I think of them whenever I was listening. Music is a part of us both, it's our lives, it defines us in ways we want to be defined and others we have yet to understand.

So on March 12, I thought out my options. I knew I wanted to tell them, in person. But the butterflies in my stomach, transformed. Their wings dried to the crisp, their bodies fell to the base of my stomach, and soaked through into my intestines where they turned into white, filthy, hyper maggots that seeped into me, twisting around my insides, screeching, further agonizing my pain. Nothing came out of my mouth. I stayed quiet. Instead we walked together to the last class of the day together. Said our goodbyes and See- you-laters. I watched for a moment as they walked away before heading into my class. A small voice whispered " You missed it. Your last chance." So much for attempting to be brave.

Later that day we texted, we found ourselves on a disney tangent and made plans to hang out during spring break. One more day and I would be vacation free. Perhaps I would tell them then, there were still two more months of school left, and spring break seemed to be the perfect time. A perfect sunny backdrop, with a calming disposition, and sweet air about it. It was an idealistic idea to imagine how I would do it. However I was not expecting what was to come the following morning.

I had woken up at 4:30 am in order to make it to the school on time for UIL, and prepared myself for a long day. Organizing my lunch, a book, and packing extra clothes. Suddenly a light came on from downstairs, which

seemed absurd. My mother had planned to sleep in rather than assist me in getting to school on time. I felt slightly cheated, chuckling silently at the fact, and how I was going to taunt her for her constant changing mind. But this confusion further climaxed as she ascended from the stairs and came into my room.

She looked bewildered or rather shocked. Nonetheless she seemed unsettled. "School's been cancelled."

The words "last chance" suddenly seemed far more heavy and final than it had.

"What?"

Back and forth

By Isabella Yarborough

Read forwards

A repetition.

My words and thoughts are

Jumbled into an abyss.

Darkness shrouds.

All my loved ones,

Lost in changing times,

Can we stand being ripped apart?

Country after country,

All inflicted,

During this forsaken period.

The crimes of humanity have no intention to stop.

The crime against the body of a woman,

The crime against those of color in unfortunate positions,

The crime of the privilege gloating on the poor.

The crimes of our world intensify.

As time goes on.

Is it true?

The Beatles did say that "all you need is love."

I, like the Beatles, see love as a powerful thing.

Love is stronger than we give credit for.

Is it such a crime to process an innocent feeling like love?

We all need a bit of affection and nourishment.

We need to know someone cares.

Why do people see love and other emotions as a weakness?

Without another to speak to, I'd be lost in my seclusion.

Thankfully I have others to express my feelings to.

As there are doubts I experience in these times.

So questions remain unanswered.

Answers remain unknown.

I have no understanding of the reasoning behind the protestors' behavior.

Why protest a pandemic?

Why hate on a country that had no control?

Why continue your ignorance?

I find I have plenty I wish to say to these delinquents.

As protesters flood the street with no masks, claiming this isn't their "America."

The world feels like it's in flames.

Whether it is clear or not.

I have and will say what I need to say.

I hope to end or begin on a hopeful note.

I hope many of you are well.

Read backwards.